Providence, R.I.
December 6 1867.

Father,

Mrs. Helen E. Garrison,

Highland Street,

Roxbury,

Mass.

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Providence, Dec. 6, 1867.

Dear Wife:

While writing my letter yesterday, I could not recall Mr. Adie's name, (Julia's father,) and therefore asked Miss Forbes to tell me what it was. She pronounced it Eddy, which led me to write it in that manner. I should not refer to the blunder, were it not that I wish to say that I took dinner and tea with him and Julia yesterday, according to invitation, and had a very agreeable time. There were present, also, bro. Henry, (Charlotte could not come, being very busy about the Shelter,) Frederick, William C. Townsend, Mary, Sarah, Miss Fillinghast, and Mrs. Dean of Taunton. Mrs. Dean is a pleasant lady, Miss Fillinghast very sensible and amiable, Mary fair and buxom as usual, Sarah looking in better health than ~~I feared~~ I expected. As usual, Mr. T. could not find time to take a cup of tea, and spend a recreative hour. Such devotion to his business implies either a very plodding nature, or else a large amount of it. If it be the latter, then he will be very likely to break down in health at no distant day.

We had a grand turkey and an immense chicken pie (both well cooked) for dinner, with cranberries, jellies, sweet potatoes and ~~cannon~~, beets, turnips, squash, and also nice blanc mange, and apples pulverized, and made delicious with bona fide cream. Every one but bro. Henry had an excellent appetite, and did full justice to the inviting repast. Even he ate something. We also had a very elegant tea. I am inclined to think (to show my brotherly disposition) that I must have eaten Henry's share as well as my own, as I did not rest quite so easily last night as I did the night before, when I had not been led into temptation. Mr. Adie again reminded me of Gerrit Smith in his looks, manner, smile, laugh, &c., and knows how to make his visitors feel at home. I think Julia is a jewel of a daughter. She played quite a number of pieces on her grand piano (one well worthy of the name, and the second one of that kind Chickening ever made,) both in the afternoon and in the evening, showing very good taste, and very creditable proficiency in manipulating the keys.

Another mild and pleasant day, the wind South. Unless a very sudden change should take place, I shall leave for New York this afternoon in a Providence propeller. If I did not so dislike going to a hotel, I should go by railroad by the Shore route, and arrive there this evening. I dare say they would be able to accommodate me at Mrs. Savin's, but I do not wish to subject them to the possibility of any inconvenience on my account.

I have spent half an hour, this forenoon, with Phebe Jackson. The house she rents is directly opposite George Street — her sister-in-law, Maria, being with her. She made affectionate inquiries about you and the children; and appeared so natural that it seemed almost absurd to talk of more than thirty years having elapsed since our acquaintance began. She was evidently glad to see me.

I have just come from a visit with Charlotte to the Colored Shelter, where I found twenty-eight little children, looking very bright and in a very comfortable condition. They sung several pieces, and spelt quite a number of words very

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correctly. I made a short address to them, and they all wanted me to come again. Miss Mann resembles her brother Horace; and it is much to her credit in the heavenly sphere, if she gets but little in the earth sphere, that, with her fine culture and lady-like carriage, she is willing to devote her life to succoring and enlightening these poor outcast children of a despised and down-trodden race. The matron of the house, Miss Van Dorn, has been connected with it more than seventeen years.

I see that there has been a snow-storm, or rather fall of snow, in Washington and Baltimore. It may be travelling east, as the air is beginning to have a snow-like feeling. If, by the time I am to take the propeller, it shall be snowing, I shall probably conclude to take the night-train for New York, though disliking to arrive so very early in the morning.

Louisa Tibbitts is making us a call, and is looking as fair as ever. All send love.

Abroad or at home, always your own

loving W. L. G.